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Wight in Venice. The day was done, but the merriment only waxed the louder with the coming of the stars. There was glitter of golden banners along the Grand canal and the slient hurrying of many gondolas, for Venice was en fete. The treaty w'th Cyprus had been formally ratified, and that day the republic had formally adopted the slim patrician maid, daughter of Yenice, that she might become the mother of kings to be.

A great destiny for the shy child of scarce fourteen years. But as Caterina leaned from her casement, the golden hair falling down the wall in a nimbus light, her thoughts were not of King James de Lusignan nor that storied kingdom of Cyprus oversea, not of them, for maiden thoughts are white winged birds that go where they list, but of one slender youth whose eyes sought hers across the darkness, where he stood in the shadow of the closed portals of the Morosini palazzo across the canal, so near that he could note the gleam of the scarlet light on the golden head, so far that the sword of a nation's destiny flashed between them. A king's bride-what chance had he Andrea Morosini, cavalier and poet, and a Morosini, the ancient enemy of her house?

There had been days when old Cornaro's daughter had watched concealed behind her casement draperies to see him go forth with the young knights. There had been soft startit nights when he had watched that selfsame casement and poured forth his soul to the silken sweet tones of his lute. One night when her nurse nodded drowsily the small white hand had dropped a great languorous white rose into the prow of his gondola, and after that there had been a moment in the great cathedral when he had pressed close and held the little hand for a moment in his. That was all, and there could be no more for Cornaro's child, the daughter of Venice, but the lad had dreamed his dreams and gone merrily forth to battle with the Genoese. It had been a month, a long month, when he returned, and all the bells were ring-

ing in honor of Caterina. The twilight died, but the blaze of festal beacons flashed from tower to tower. Over there in the Cornaro palazzo there was a perfect carnival of music and laughter. Andrea's face grew whiter in the reflected glare. He could see as the breeze blew aside the curtains many figures passing to and fro in that upper room. They were robing for her sacrifice in that maiden chamber that had been his heart's shrine for two long years.

No longer a Venetian maiden, the ceremony that would presently take place before the high altar of St. Mark's would make her a crowned queen. Well, he would go to the wars again. There was always the Genoese to battle with. He might even win the

Was there no way? He would have given his soul for one word with her face to face. Andrea flung the lute far out, where it sank into the dark waters. He would never need it again. Overhead all the bells of Venice called to one another, and the lap, lap of the tide sobbed beneath as the under note of human pain that beats a minor tone

to all the joy of life. Caterina stood up straight and tall In the midst of her maidens. The jeweled robe fell close to the round, young limbs, heavy with its weight of pearls. Pearls and rubles were twined in the golden curls, and the fair, round arms were banded with glowing gems of the orient. Across the childish breast. above the folds of cloth of gold, a baldric of emeralds rose and fell with every frightened breath, and the wild rose color was gone from cheek and

quivering lip. Straight and tall in her young majesty, but over the blare of the trumpet, the flash of the jewels, deeper than the voice of Venice in loud acclaim, came the low note of a lute that was stilled forever. There was a strangeness in her throat, a blackness before her eyes. Awed at her silence, the flock of maidens fell a little away from where she stood, and then there came an old woman, bowed and weary, through the

When the attendants would have barred the way Caterina held out her hand. As the old woman bowed before her she opened the palms of her brown hands an instant, so quickly that none saw but Caterina, who drew a quick breath and turned to the waiting throng with a new authority. "Leave us. I would have speech with the dame alone."

Wondering, they left her, and as the door clanged to the old woman slipped the iron bar into place and then stood up, the gray wig thrown off, the woman trappings cast aside, Andrea Moro-

One step toward Caterina, and be held out his arms. With a low, glad cry she nestied into them, and for one long moment of heaven his lips lay on affected by the cardinals. Boniface hers, while below the Grand canal pul- VIII., in 1294, however, realizing that mated with the music and triumph of a the red was no longer a distinctive

queen's bridal. me past, no future. Then St. Mark's abroad the right to wear it, issued a called to the outermost mole, and the decree granting to all the members of sound of feet came along the stone | the sacred college the red robes which corridor, pausing at the barred door. they now wear and decided that the Caterina started and paled. Her father, | white should henceforth be the hue of the Cornaro! The steps died away, the raiment of himself and of his suc-Bonned on his great sword, and their hat which they wear out of doors and frightened open were met with a look | the red mantle as well as the red shoes.

so stern that for a time they were speechless. He had entered through a door of which Caterina had no knowledge, built by some jealous Cornaro of long ago, who had caused this place of espial to be made that he might the better prove his fears. Indeed they might all have been carven stone. There was no motion in the room but the waving of the arras in the evening breeze that blew through the casement -the slender youth in his cavalier garb of dark velvet, the stern mailed old patrician and between them, like some tropic flower blown athwart strange gray glooms, Caterina in her bridal robes of cloth of gold, the coronal of ru-

Andrea bowed low before the ancient foe of the house and, with one last lingering look at Caterina, awaited the Cornaro's pleasure. He had dared the xrictest law of the republic. He knew

Cornaro hesitated. There were wrath, love and mighty sorrow in his stormy eyes as they went from one young face to the other. A Morosini, the child of his deadliest foe! But he saw through the mist of long, lonely years a little rosy face pressed against a childish breast, a little head that lay within the curve of a round, white arm, so like, so like, and Guilla, who had died, spoke across the night of her unlived motherhood to the heart of her husband. The wrath died. He was powerless. He could not brook the might of the republic that claimed his child upon the altar of its ambition, but he

could save her needless pain. Already the surge of feet was coming up the long passage. The fanfare of trumpets and the voice of Venice, that was many voices, clamored for their princess. Below the gilded barge of the doge awaited her. Nevermore his child, but always the daughter of

There was an instant when the golden head lay against the steel corselet, another when Guido Cornaro saw his child give her lips to the Morosini, and then he flung wide the door to the secret passage and motioned to Andrea. And so without a word he passed from her sight and her life, while her father led her down the rose garlanded stairway to the bitterness of the gilded

mockery that awaited. There was a battle next day, a mere skirmish-between a Venetian war galley and one of Genoa. At its close they found him lying where the thick of the fight had passed, a smile on his ips, a crushed white rose above his heart. In Venice the people laughed and sang, and there was joy day and night for the week long bridal of Caterina Cornaro, the daughter of Venice, and King James de Lusignan.

Turf as Fuel. Harold Harfagr in the year 888 granted the islands of Orkney to Earl Eyner, brother to Duke Rollo of Normandy. When Earl Eyner came to live in his new possessions he found them quite bare of any trees and producing

only a very few stunted bushes. The Orkneys are bitterly cold and wind swept, so when the inhabitants had used up all the wood they could procure they came to their new earl for advice. He recommended them to cut out pieces of turf, dry them and use them for fuel. This they did with such great success that the custom spread to Scotland and thence to Ireland and to many parts of England.

Earl Eyner was always known afterward as Turf Eyner. "Peat rights" were defined by march stones with three whelks laid under each and were jealously guarded by the townships or individuals to whom they belonged. Throughout Scotland up to the thirteenth century peat and bogwood were universally used for Inter fires and broom and whin dur-

Some etymologists regard the name of peat as almost synonymous with fuel, deriving it from the early English "beten," to replenish a fire.

Court Room Repartee. In a suit relating to brewery property reported in Case and Comment an eminent and very dignified counselor was one day reading to the court some manuscript affidavits which were not overlegible and by mistake read the ure and polite in manner, but keen in intellect and frequently sarcastic, was immediately on his feet and, with a somewhat irritating deference of manner, begging his opponent's pardon, etc., asked liberty to suggest that the

word which the eminent counselor read "wash" was really "mash." Somewhat nettled, the counselor thus corrected thanked him for the information and miliar with terms used in the brewery business as he had never spent much of his time in a place of that kind. "Are we to understand, then," said his opponent in the suavest manner, "that the eminent counselor wishes us to infer that his early days were spent in a

Pontiffs Once Wore Red.

There are many people who will doubtless be interested to know that it is only since the thirteenth century that the popes have been accustomed to wear white. Until that time they were always arrayed in the red'robes now color of the papacy since his predeces-The seconds ticked away. There was sors had accorded to their legates Then a holse behind them startled cessors. The popes, however, still re-Them. Not ten paces Guido Cornaro | tain from those ancient days the red

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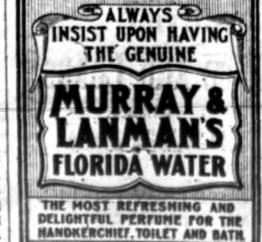
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SHERIFF'S SALE,-Common Pleas Court. The By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale or public vendue, at the Court House in New ark, on Tuesday, the eighth day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all those tracts or parcels of land and premises situate lying and being in the township of Franklin, fesex

Beginning in the northerly line of Chestnut 7-10 feet from west-rly line of Phoebe Prenlegree, 19 minutes east 121 feet; thence parallel with the southerly line of land of Charle 3. Barney et al. north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 78 28 100 feet to a point 51 24 100 feet from the westerly line of said Philhower; thence parallel with said westerly line south of thence south 67 degrees 37 minute man of real estate of Dr. George R. Philhower Stirrat by George B Philhower by deed re-

Barney at the northeasterly corner of a lot now wned by Lester Kiersted and along the easter y li e of said Henry bilton's land; thence (I unning south 52 degrees 42 minutes east 5 74-1:0 feet; thence (2) south 37 de grees 19 minutes west 35 feet; thence (3) north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 51 74-100 feet to lands of Henry Hiltor; thence (4) north 37 de-grees 19 minutes east along Henry Hilton's ine 35 feet to beginning Being the rear part of lot No. 1 on map of real estate of Dr. George B, Philhower and the ame premises conveyed to Joseph Stirrat Beorge B. Philhower by deed recorded

Newark, N. J., November 2, 1903. WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff. (\$15.90)



A CREDIT CHECK SWINDLE.

Trick by Which One Firm Got Dollars Without Selling Shirt Waists. That there is no end to the ways of imposing upon the suffering New York public was illustrated by the failure of a small store recently. The newly appointed receiver was surprised by having many women come to his office with credit checks. These checks were for small amounts, ranging from \$1 to \$10. At first the receiver couldn't understand it, but upon investigation he learned the details of a pretty system of fleecing.

The firm, it seems, had made a specialty of silk and cotton shirt waists. These were, with few exceptions, shapeless, ill fitting garments, and when the unfortunate women shoppers got home with their purchases and put them on they were disgusted to find that the bargain sale waists were baggy and puckery and altogether so poorly fashloned that it would be next to impossible to make them fit even by a complete ripping up and remaking. Such being the conditions they invariably took the goods back and demanded other waists or their money. It was contrary to the principles of the firm to refund money, and as they seldom had waists more becoming either in style or shape than the ones returned, they were driven

assurance of the manager and his well trained assistants. "Your check will be good at any time, and when we replenish our stock you can select a waist that suits you."

But the new stock never arrived, and in spite of the good dollars received from deluded customers without deer asing their capital of waists, the firm became insolvent and then the women began to come with credit checks. So far the receiver has been unable to compensate them for their loss through the swindle which, in its way, was rather neat.-New York Sun:

He Conquered All Feminine Hearts

Without an Effort.

"From the time the Beautiful and brilliant Mme. Jumel had been a young girl and when Aaron Burr was only captain in the American army sh had been more than once under the spell of his strange fascination," writes William Perrine in The Ladies' Home 1903...... \$82,833,726 16 Journal. "Burr had introduced her to the celebrated Margaret Moncrieff, had desperately flirted with her and had implanted within her an admiration which was still alive when he was an aged social exile. She had written Mutual Benefit Policies of him in earlier days that he appeared to her to be the perfection of manhood,' that his figure and form had been fashioned in the mold of the graces and that he was as familiar with the drawing room as with the

"'In a word,' she said, 'he was a combined model of Mars and Apollo. His eye was of the deepest black and sparkled with an incomprehensible Stephen S. Day, brilliancy when he smiled, but if enraged its power was absolutely terrific. Into whatever female society he chanced by the fortunes of war or the vicissitudes of private life to be cast, he conquered all hearts without an effort, and until he became deeply involved in the affairs of state and the vexations incident to the political arena I do not believe a female capable of the gentle emotions of love ever looked upon him . without loving him." Wherever he went he was petted and caressed by her sex, and hundreds vied with each other in a continuous struggle to offer him some testimonial of their adulation. Subsequently Mme. Jumel was married to Burr, who was nearly 80 and she nearly 60. The marriage was not a happy one, and the two soon separated."

> Old Apothecaries and Doctors. The offenses of apotheraries in the middle ages were numerous and the punishment in some cases a whipping. The worst was the improper sale of poisons-that is to say, except when not duly prescribed by a known physician of reputation, and even then not to put down in a register the name of the doctor and person to whom such prescription containing poison was delivered, was punishable likewise. The sale of poison for drugging fish was prohibited and also that of inferior drugs by any apothecary. To prescribe himself (unless a doctor could not be found) was an offense punishable by a whipping, and all preparations sold by him had to be made up in the presence of the doctor or of another apothecary. A barber surgeon might only prescribe for exterior applications "according to surgery," but we are not told what was the penalty in such a case.-Gentleman's Magazine.

Her Meanness. An American hostess, on the occasion of a gathering of distinguished people, was endeavoring to add to the pleasure of a Frenchman by talking to him in his native language. Noticing that her lack of fluency was irksome to the lady and desiring to relieve her embarrassment, with praiseworthy amia-

bility the foreigner said:
"Pardon, madame, somewhat the French is difficult for you. I am able R. T. CADMUS. to understand your mean-ness if you will speak English."-London Chroni-

At the Pinger's End. "My niece," said the doctor, "has joined an organization they call thethe strange I can't think of the name. I had it at my tongue's end a moment ago oh, yes, I remember it now. They call it the Thimble club."

"Then you didn't have it at your tongue's end," objected the professor. "You had it at your finger's end."-Chicago Tribune.

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NOTICE OF HEARING.

A hearing will be given by the Board of Assessors at the Town Council chamber in the National Bank Building on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, 1909, at 8 o'clock, to those interested in the assessments for the Jerome Place and Walnut Street improvements.

S. P. GILBERT,

Clerk of Board of Assessors.

BLOOMFIELD, N. 3., Oct. 16, 1908.

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SHEN HO

By FRED WHISHAW

When Bernard Appleby determined to devote his life to evanguical missionary work in China he was as full of sanguine enthusiasm as any young fellow in the service. "You are exactly the kind of man we want," they told him at the depot in Shanghai, "and we shall expect to see you do wonders in the great cause."

"It won't be for lack of enthusiasm if I fail," said Bernard. "I am ignerant and shall be useless for awhile but I hope to work into it by degrees." "You'll have plenty of time to lears the language down at Fuchow," said a member of the board, who, catching the eye of another member, smiled a little." A third member sighed, but stifled the sigh and pretended he had

yawned. Bernard scraped acquaintance at the mission house presently with a young girl and walked through the town with her. She was a devotee, like himself, who had been in the service a year and knew something of it. He would be dull in Puchow, she said; but, please God, he would be a successful missionary; he looked like a man. The youth and the girl looked steadily in one another's eyes at parting.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said. As for her, she smiled back, but when he had gone she allowed her eyes to be come dimmed.

Enthusiasm dies hard in people of Bernard Appleby's stamp. For a year he worked at his Chinese. He was the only European in the place, excepting for an hour or two in each week when the clumsy, noisy steamer would come thundering up or down the yellow river bound for Wuchang or Yutse, as it happened to be traveling up or down stream.

At the end of two years Bernard could stand his solitary life no longer. He went up to Shanghai and bashfully inquired of the chairman for news of the young lady whom he had seen at the depot on his arrival. The chairman smiled paternally. "She is still by's thoughts. "You are finding it dull and would marry. Is it so?"

Bernard blushingly confessed that so # Was. "Well," send the chairman, "we like our people to intermerry. Miss Tate is at Hankow at this moment. You might

Appleby adopted his advice. He found Chriscie Tate at the mississary station at Hankow, and the two were not long in fixing up matters. Within a month Bernard carried off a wife to

Fuchow. The following year the arrival of a daughter added new happiness. The baby girl, who was called Dulcie, gow and prospered. She was a pretty, mily headed, fascinating little person, a thing of wonder and amusement & many of the natives of the place, an object of adoration and love to one Shen Ho, the son of a former "con-

vert" of Appleby's, who had long since relapsed to the religion of his fathers. "Shen Ho," Appleby would some times say, smiling somewhat plaintively, "is the only real convert we have ever had. Chrissie, and he is Dulcie's,

This was perfectly true. From Dulcle alone had proceeded the personal magnetism which had been the foundation of Shen Ho's Christian aspirations. Shen He lived in the bouse as servant and was as honest and diligent in business as be was devout in his

Dulcie taught Shen Ho cricket. Shen He thought the game a feelish one, but would have played it gladly all day and all night to please his friend. Nothing would induce him. however, to bowl in such a manner that the ball reached the wicket otherwise than dead slow for fear of hurting Miss Dulcle. When Appleby was playing and bowled a fast ball at his daughter Shen Ho would groan aloud and hide

his eyes with his-hand. In every way Shen Ho was Dulcie's devoted slave and servant as well as playmate. He also acted as her escort and protector and her champion if occasion offered.

The people of Fuchow were not too well disposed toward the English missionary and his wife. Appleby had never been attacked, but he was never secure from mocking laughter and jeers when passing through the crowds

So matters would doubtless have remained till this day but that when Dulcle was about nine years old and Shen Ho fourteen or fifteen and a Christian of five years' standing the country began to be convulsed by the Boxer rising in Peking and the troubles that accompanied, the popular upheaval against foreign residents throughout the land. Rumors of trouble soon reached Fuchow.

It was but a week after this that a party of half a dozen Boxers came into the town. They inquired first whether the place contained any "foreign devils" and were informed of the Appleby family.

"We want neither the foreign devils nor their gods," said the Boxer, and he went forthwith to spy Englishman's compound.

Huan Li, the gardener, happened to be coming out of the place, going home for his midday rest.

"What are you doing in the house of the foreign devils?" he was asked. "Getting his money from him by doing a very little work for good pay," said Hush Li, with a grin.



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